# Liberi

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# Liberi

by Nightcrawler247

Summary

Will and Hannibal are establish vampire murder husbands before Will even begans to consult with the FBI.

Will want's to grow their nest with Liberi, children, and is often considering other humans for that potiential.

Hannibal will Kill as many people as he has to to prolong this for as long as possible.

Will can only put up with his subborn possessiveness for so long.

"You have to learn how to share damnn it!"

Side note: Will, Hannibal, and other vampires are all pretty good to each other and fluffy but down right cruel and evil to humans when it comes to catching, killing, and eating them.

Notes

Typed this one my phone when I was just writing idea down, so may have grammer problems.

See the end of the work for more notes

# Prologue

The ancient one is world’s first vampire. It is said he came one day from the debts of Hell to sow his royal oats before descending again to rule it.

Spending only 30 days and 30 nights on earth the vampire procreated and fed endlessly. Taking hundred of humans to mate and a thousand more to eat to produce a single egg for his body. Eggs which were then left and laid scattered in caves all around the world. Meant to be born alone where they would hatch maybe the very next day or not even millennium after. Some still waiting for when it was the right time even to this day.

When they did, descending from their caves and feeding ravenously on the humans below in their new born hunger.

Those children would come to be known as the Arch Type vampires. Children of the first and only true vampire. Unlike any other in power, status, and control. They did not just drink blood but could and do partake in the very flesh and bones of humans. Only settling down when finally sated. Turning from the horrible monster they were and into something less suspicious to their human prey.

Eventually settling down in their own corners of the world, and establishing territories others of their kind dare not tread without permission or warning first. Much like a human siblings who respected the boundaries of each other's rooms.

Brothers and sisters who, while good to each other when they met, preferred to be alone. The simple bond of telekinesis between them was enough to sate their craving for companionship in the earlier centuries. That is until one became truly lonely.

Seeking out its siblings and even managing to stay with a more compassionate few for decades at a time. Still it was not enough.

None of them knew how to cure their sibling of his growing depression brought on by loneliness. But they were fueled to do so themselves as the fear of one day sinking into the same would happen to them. Even more terrifying was when he just up and disappeared. Refusing to acknowledge any type of communication sent through their bond. Search parties were made in every region of every country but with their few numbers he just couldn't be found and eventually they had to cut their losses for fear of discovery.

It was only centuries later when he reappeared to a family reunion they learned what became of him. A family at his side. Three new vampire wives. Standing proud and, as he put it, with good news for his family. He'd discovered it, he said. He discovered the purpose their father had for them.

To breed.

How silly, how stupid they thought. For they had all tried to procreate like their father before them. Through sex, through eating, through laying of eggs. Even going so far as to risk doing

so in their monstrous forms again to try, but never has anything happen.

But he must be right, here stands before them is the proof. So they sat, they listened as their once missing brother explained.

They were not meant to be solitary creatures. That while fine now, eventually that burning need for companionship will come for them all. That it will attack them fervently when they come across the first human they could not imagine living without.

An older sister had scoffed. Disgusted at the idea of ever needing what was nothing more than food to them in her life. He hadn't been deterred he'd kept going.

Hed felt this way and he'd feared his families rejection of his taken wife, so had left them. Forlorn, he said this, guilt on his face. He'd planned only to leave them so long as she lived before returning. However, as the fear of losing her grew stronger so did his desire to bite.

How confusing it was. To want to bite the one he'd come to love. Not to eat. No, not in the way they either gorged themselves on flesh and blood but simply to taste. A desire that became so strong in a fit of copulated passion he gave in.

Devastated as she stopped moving. Frozen and still as if poisoned. Her skin ashen and her body cold. Believing he'd killed his love, he'd wailed in despair for three days and three nights.

A hard thing for his siblings to understand having not experienced it themselves. Crying over something that should have been food ages ago. Some so uncaring at the idea they focused more on the wonderful discovery their bite could apparently be poisonous.

On the third day, he continued, his misery was over. Not because he'd come to terms with his loss but rather because she'd come back to him. Waking with beautiful clear skin, entirely blacked out eyes, three fangs lining the inside of her mouth of both sides at the top and bottom, and craving the taste of blood in such a way that reminded him of his own birth.

Such an odd thing to witness. Something born so close to how they looked when they were but so very off. Not a full mouth of fangs but rather only a few. Not an entire body change but a shift in the appearance of skin. The only thing they fully shared was the eyes and the desire of humans to eat.

The others had been fascinated at this point. One of the wives, the one they suspected he was speaking of, step forward and allowed her face and body to change as he'd explained her new look. Stunned they saw what they imagined it would look like if one of them were stuck in a half transformation.

Fascinating.

So as any concerned but responsible and good husband would, he chained her to their basement ground when the ropes he tried first didn't work. She was desperate to eat and bite but seemingly cooperative in that she didn't want to hurt him to get her way. A strange obedience from his previously firey wife. Her state of mind was pure instinct at the moment,

he'd realized. Her instinct to obey and be good to him was just stronger than her desire to not starve.

How amazing.

He'd left and went to get her just what she craved. Bringing back scores of humans for her. Alive and wiggly. Throwing them to her feet to feast on. Expecting, like they had when born, for her to eat them down to the bone and all. Which surprisingly she hadn't. She had taken chunks of flesh at her most hungry but never fully eaten it all. Instead, she sucked them dry. Every single drop of blood drained from their bodies. The first few humans shriveled like mummies when she was done. He said this with pride and with deep affection.

The woman in question was looking away blushing. Bashful at both his affection and the tale of her over indulgence.

Once she was sated she returned to her normal self. As they all did when born. Allowing them to learn and study just what she was now. Much like them in many ways but overall weaker and not completely as they were, but a clear kinship was there that went beyond just his love for her as a woman.

They could communicate. Telepathically, that is. Something only know to be done between family with them. At the words many of his siblings turned to the woman and stared intensely at her, seemingly trying to trigger her to respond. She shuffled her feet uncomfortably and shifted towards her mate. Unable to hear them.

They'd known that too, he explained. She'd only been able to communicate telepathically with her maker, him, her sister wives, and with her own nest. So many questions that brought. He continued the story.

They'd learned her limits and strengths. Such as her ability to eat flesh as well but her need stopped at blood. She didn't even crave flesh as he did. They also tested all she could do and all that she felt towards him, not just her husband but her maker now. A deep love and loyalty never present before and a bond that desired to be close and to help him however she could. How similar to his own. Not just, as he put it, the weak love akin to human love he had before for her but something deeper. Something that inspired a desire to protect in him. A precious thing she was to him.

Such a strange but wonderful feeling none of them had ever experienced he claimed. For it was one thing to worry for and protect each other as siblings, as equals in strength, it is another thing to feel that desire to do so for something weaker than you. It burned so much brighter. Akin to the love of a parent and child, yet so different as she was his lover, his wife.

It was many years of just the two of them happily together and without concern for others. Happily secluded from the world back at his old castle, they all had one. A desire to have a large home in all of them assumed previously to be a result of their Hell-like royal blood, but their brother had a new theory. That they were intended to fill those homes and that's why they desired to build them.

Eventually though he began to feel a need. A shameful need, he put it. A desire for another woman in the same way he'd loved his wife. So exact in its nature it scared him at first and he rebelled against it. He'd killed the one he first felt this way towards. A painful memory for him if the way he whimpered was anything to go by. His wives reaching out to comfort as if on instinct. He took their touches gratefully. A wonderfully interesting sight to witness.

He'd told his wife of what he had done when the pain had been great and his sorrow obvious. She dreaded seeing him hurt more than seeing him love another. So she'd said she'd kill the next, and they both knew there'd be a next.

She did just that, a young man this time, and it was not just he who ached from it but her as well. Claiming she'd felt as if she'd killed a sibling. A younger brother she should have protected not harmed. She'd only even been able to do it as she put her feelings for her mate before her instinct towards the young man.

Next time, they decided together, they would not kill them. A young woman again was the second. A courtship seemed to go on, between all three of them. The young woman unaware of what the young wealthy aristocratic couple she'd met were. They took her as their lover and they spoiled her. They liked it, they all did. Eventually, it was his first wife who asked if he would do to girl the same he did for her.

So, they had. After deep reveals and explanations and bouts of fear to overcome from their young lover, they had. It was much the same process and they were both glad to be there for her in her first days and to ensure she was well fed. Their small family had grown and he had been sated once again, for a time at least.

A realization all his siblings had seeing the third wife, yes he must have felt the carving once again. The story did not go there though. Instead he talked of his wife. How it was she who was unsatisfied.

Glad for the growth in the family and welcoming of her new sister wife but a burning for more. A burning that sounded much like the need he'd once felt amoung his siblings. Lonely in a crowded room.

She'd left them. Up and left one night, he and his second wife devastated and unknowing what became of her. A feeling he now apologized for subjecting his own siblings to.

When she returned it was with another, a young boy, no more than nine in appearance. Not like her fully, not like him, and not of the same relationship as them all.

She looked towards him as a mother would a child, fully and unlike the complicated bond between she and them. He had been born only by her bite and drinking her blood. He had two small fangs on either side of his mouth and red pupils. He sustained on blood and blood alone. Flesh made him sick. He was stronger faster than a human yet nothing compared to them. He shared in their telepathy but only to the first wife, his mother, and her maker. He could not communicate with the second wife at all.

He was just the start. Soon, she would bring more but always younger than herself and always those she came to see as dependents on her. As children, never as a lover like their

husband felt for his wives. She was not alone in this either.

Eventually his second wife did the same and came back with her own six-year-old little girl as her first. So young, so sweet, so deadly. Their family was growing. Filling the corridors of his once empty home and finally sating that desire in him for a family.

After his third wife was taken he explained a since of completeness like no other. He believed it to be a sign he would take no other wife. That he was content finally in what he'd built. He thinks that had it been one of them though, they may have found completion with a different number. Maybe at the first maybe not until the 7th mate, they'd just have to wait and see.

What a thought that was, to one day experience this desire for themselves.

While his burn had faded, and that of his first wife's after she'd take her fourth into her 'nest'. Nest, what they'd taken to calling these bundles within their family. The grand nest, being how they referred to them all together. The true nest is what they'd come to call all vampires that walked the earth, related in some way or another.

His second wife had taken her sixth child recently and was finally done they suspected. The third wife was young by their standards and after only taking one of her own seemed she had many more to come.

With all these different types of vampires they'd taken to naming them. Feeling they had the right as the first of their kind to make a grand nest. A fair point his siblings agreed. The man, and his siblings, were to be known as Archetypes. Their first turned, like the man's wives, as Supremes. Supreme, now, in comparison to the humans they'd been born into. A good name they thought. Finally, the children they made, where the line ends as these vampires were incapable of procreation as either vampires or humans, were to be known as Liberi. Latin for children.

They dominated their territory. Their children eventually going out to discover the world but always to return home after a time before leaving again. It was like they felt the need to portal to the edges of their territory. Like wondering century guards.

Eventually through this all the man had come to realize what they were intend for on this world. To grow, to make families, and to be happy. Such a simple declaration, with such a sweet fanged smiles from him and his wives. Their children, their Liberi, not present to share in the moment with them.

Stunned.

That the only word to describe his siblings, who'd all sat and listen patiently to their brother. Not knowing how to take it all. So many discoveries. Such a different event from their decennial family reunion then usual. Some passing through their telepathic bond how they'd need a bigger meeting place for these meetings soon if this was true at all. 195 Arch type vampires were one thing but all their grand nest? No way they'd all fit. Maybe they'd limit it to only the wives/husbands could come but children had to stay home? That could still be too much to find a venue and food for, perhaps only the first three wives and husbands?

A random annoyed hiss from somewhere in the room ended that shared thought process and got them back on topic. Sharing with just their thoughts instead of speaking. A default when they felt threatened by something, usually something new.

Their brother knew this too and spoke out loud in active rebellion to their worries. Be calm he said. This is nothing to fear nor to expect immediately. He just hadn't wanted to leave them thrown into the fire as he had been. He felt obligated to tell them fully all that he knew to expect and with that he dismissed the impromptu meeting and party stopper.

Insisting they continue as always and taking himself and his wives to enjoy themselves. The party was slow to start again but when the youngest wife picked up an instrument she'd brought and began to play it for them a sense of peace went about the room slowly again as they unwinded. Glad to see a sharing of the love of arts by this new creature they hadn't fully comprehended yet.

His siblings. In their love for him, sought to accept these women. They came to him, one by one. Two by two and three by three, for the closer sibling who shared territory. The twins and triplets born of the same caves. Talking and their experiences. Not just from their story but personally. Calling them little sisters as they were so young but still family.

Having never had a family member they did not know fully through a bond. Feeling weirdly distant with the inability to communicate telepathically not just words but feelings, presences, memories, and images. So strange to get to know someone this way. So interesting to then learn when they shared hands with their brother and he with his wife they could share in that bond after all. They simply needed a bridge between them in a way.

How funny it was when their brother let go their hands, possessively keeping his wives thoughts and feelings to himself. Both his siblings and lovers taking great humor in this.

It was good three days and three nights of peace for them. Their party always lasting so long as tribute to their fathers thirty days and nights on earth. The number three seems to resonate well with them, they were finding.

Saying good bye this time around was odd. All wondering what the next meeting would look like. How big would they have to make their temporary home? How many more humans would they need to bring to feed themselves and their families? What was one to do with all this new information.

These thoughts and worries wandered their minds and even sometimes slipped into their shared sibling bond. Everyone having some significant emotion attached to this new development rather positive or negative in nature but one of their siblings, thought to be the oldest of them, in theory was nearly unaffected.

Having lived the longest and never experienced so much as a inkling feeling of what his younger brother described, he knew in his very bones his life would change no time soon. He had no desire for it either. He was content as he was. With his siblings and with his food.

This vampire, the oldest among them, this Hannibal Lecter as he would come to be known had no idea what the future held for him, but if he did it could be summed up in a few words.

Hannibal Lecter will take Will Graham as his first and only Supreme and he will dread the day Will craves to make his own nest.

# Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Typed this at work quickly lol, so may have Grammer issues. I'm gonna go back and correct them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In the beginning he'd been nothing more than another meal to Hannibal.

Something to baste and savor. To wait until the perfect time to pluck that delectable fruit. Oh how patient Hannibal had been at that time. How he'd horded and dominated the man's time for the very beginning. Hannibal was still an ER surgeon at the time himself and Will was just an average beat cop and profiler. Neither of them planning any significant change at the time in their lives.

Will had just come in with his partner to interview a recent stab wound victim and patient of Hannibal's. Hannibal shouldn't have even been in the ER that day. He'd been called in as the only other surgeon had fallen too ill to even safe perform surgery and Hannibal was covering the shift. Glad for the distraction of his hobby as eternal life could get very mundane doing nothing but hunting, preparing, cooking, and eating prey. His career gave him some responsibility to focus on as well as opportunity to talk to other not in a predator prey context. People were so trusting of medical professional after all.

His presences had been requested after the fact by officers on the scene. It hadn't even been Will to interview him that time. His beautiful, socially inept, future mate unwilling to speak to anyone if it could be helped. Choosing instead to stand on the side and wait until it was requested of him to give his own insight in what he thought the killer's motive was by his partner. Using the information his partner got from Hannibal to do so better.

The first thing Hannibal had noticed about him was the smell. Not just that awful aftershave either but the smell underneath it. The smell that they all had unique to them. Oh, how Hannibal wanted to burry his nose in that head of shaggy hair. A little longer back in those days then was even now. Enough to be pulled back by a hair tie. Will would soon cut it after that because of the inconvince of taking care of hair that long.

It had been so intoxicating, Hannibal felt his fangs start to grow out. He had to turn away and bite into his own hand to force himself back under control. His eyes now focused on the man in new light. Looking at him as a delicacy. As something so much more than he thought of before. Never before has Hannibal ever felt so out of control of himself. Not since he was first born and ravaging through a nomadic tribe near his birth cave in Lithuania.

Hannibal had just known he couldn't' let the man walk out of that emergency room again without a guarantee of seeing him again. He'd done the first thing he could think of to ensure he'd see him again. He'd asked him on a date. Much to the surprise of the man himself and his partner. Especially given Will had barely spared him a glance. His partner had seemed more excited for Will than Will himself who looked like a fish thrown out of water. Unable to guess what he was supposed to do next.

Hannibal had worried he'd be rejected and have to think of something else but thankfully the man's partner spoke and accepted on Will's behalf. Much to the young officer's annoyance and Hannibal's joy. Hannibal had quickly written his number down on a piece of paper and given it to Will to call him to figure out later what they'd do. He'd then made a swift escape before the reluctant man could find a way out of it.

He'd known he could trust the man's partner to ensure he called.

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It had been a full torturous week of waiting before will finally saw fit to call him.

Finally putting him out of the misery of waiting and allowing Hannibal to make plans to take him out. Their date hadn't actually gone all that well. While Will could appreciate the finer things in life such as Hannibal; opera, fine dining, ect; he didn't have the same love for it as Hannibal and an entire night of it all rather bored him. So, next time Hannibal had let Will choose what they would do.

An equally awful date. Will was an outdoors man and Hannibal was not someone who enjoyed doing anything he couldn't still wear a suit and do. He'd really given it all a try though and for better or worse Will at least had found his discomfort humorous and had a good time himself.

Which hadn't stopped him from suggesting they just give this up and go their separate ways. Something Hannibal wasn't going to allow in a million years. He'd spent too much time and effort trying to get that wonderful piece of meat in his home. He went flyfishing for God's sake.

He insisted on one more date. Something not to elaborate this time. Hannibal would just cook for Will and all the man had to do was come over. He could wear whatever he wanted. Hannibal had been so desperate for him to say yes then. To end his suffering and give Hannibal the opportunity to finally get what he wanted. A very dead Will bleeding out in his basement to prepare for a full course of every bit of his body. Sure to be the best meal Hannibal had ever had.

But you see... things didn't work out like that.

Hannibal had never anyone over to eat other than his siblings before that day. Most of which thought his means of cooking pretentious. Always content to just eat their prey still wiggly and bloody. They did not appreciate the art of cooking like Hannibal did. They did not understand what it added to the meal.

At first it seemed Will didn't either when presented with the food before him. Uncaring of the description Hannibal gave of the food, substituting the truth of it being human flesh by saying pork. A perfectly paired wine with it and a presentation that would make eyes salivate if they could. Will hadn't flinched at any of it. Hannibal had not been too caring, use to the same from his siblings. At least Will didn't complain about the portion size at they would. Demanding the whole of the body to feast on instead of just a well-prepared part.

Hannibal had not been ready for the softening look on Will face as the fork touched his tongue. They way his eyes closed and his lips formed in a smile around the food. How beautiful he looked when he pulled back and met Hannibal's eyes for the first time since they met.

"Delicious." He said simply.

If Hannibal had a human heart, it would be fluttering.

"I'm glad you like it." Hannibal had so softly and so genuinely he'd surprised even himself with the tone. It seemed to soften Will too, who hadn't known if their third and probably final attempt at dating was going to work out.

Dinner had taken a new tone from them. Hannibal no longer focused on securing his next meal but rather enjoyiong the current one with Will and as the pleasant night continued thinking of all the more he could have with him. For the first time Hannibal considered not killing someone he'd set his eyes on.

He knew only an hour in he'd truly regret the loss of Will company. He knew this to be further true when he found himself asking Will to stay and talk with him in the den over a glass of wine. Wanting to prolong their time until eventually he had to let Will leave.

That one glass turned into one bottle, which turned into three. Hannibal had never found himself to ever genuinely enjoy a human's company before. Typically, only satisfied with his siblings. How amazing that was, to consider a human interesting. Especially as Will begin to drink more. The man had a wonderfully dark sense of humor for a human.

Hannibal hadn't realized how much the man tended to hold himself back until the wine started to relax him and take away his social anxiety enough to really engage with Hannibal. Hannibal himself found his tongue getting much looser than it should have, not simply from the wine but just as much from the pleasure of Will's company and how relaxed Hannibal found himself in his presence. Never before had a being disarmed him so. Hannibal's person suit slipped off like it never has before.

Then something unexpected happened. Just as they finished their last bit of wine and both realized a fourth bottle would be a mistake; Will, who someone how found himself with his

legs curled up on the sofa and face practically inches from Hannibal, took the first move and leaned into a kiss.

An entirely new hunger came over Hannibal and he was soon ravishing the other man's mouth. The two clawing at each other clothes and Hannibal having to remember not to use his actual claws. Once their Will's upper body was bare and Hannibal had managed to get his suit jacket off he grabbed the man and lifted him easily with Will's legs wrapped around his waist for balance. Using a level of strength that while suspicious, Hannibal reasoned Will wouldn't notice in his inebriated state.

He took Will all the way to his bedroom and allowed them both to fall onto the bed together. Will under him and their erections rubbing together urgently. Hannibal hands moving to get Will's pants off and Will trying to unbutton his shirt. Growling lowly as his drunken hands couldn't move fast enough, Will grabbed both sides and ripped it off.

That should have enraged Hannibal. Having his things destroyed so recklessly but it only made him ache for more. Following his lead Hannibal didn't hesitate to rip off Will's underwear. The scraps of fabric falling to the side and under them both.

All that remained was Hannibal's own pants which Will made quick work of. Amazingly coordinated now for a drunk person. Hannibal helping as well to kick the damn barriers off. Once they were finally down and laying flat Hannibal went right back to feasting on those wonderful succulent lips. His hand reaching out to grab the lube. Too far to reach normally but he had Will distracted enough that he didn't notice the way Hannibal's index and middle fingernails grew into dark black claws. Allowing him to reach drawer, pull it open and grab the lube that rolled to the front.

Hannibal actually kept it there for appearance's sake as he wasn't typically into physical pleasure. A common thing for archetype vampires. Not having much of a libido until they acquired a mate.

Who'd have thought it'd actually come in handy. Hannibal forced himself to pull away even as Will was clawing for him to remain close and on top of his body. Stopping only when he saw the lube. Hannibal opened it and began pouring a generous amount into his hand. Looking down and seeing Will's eyes darkened with lust, his lips wet and pouty as he chewed one softly between his lips. Hannibal closed his eyes just as they flashed black and held his mouth tighter closed so the poking fangs couldn't be seen. Unable to look at Will right now and do this he reached down and grabbed the man's hips easily flipping him over for prep.

Will didn't seem to mind if the moan of arousal was anything to go off. Hannibal had never really done this, but he got the idea in general so after soaking up his fingers he inserted two, being sure to watch for claws first.

Those susurrant sounds Will made in response made Hannibal shiver in pleasure himself. Allowing his ear to grow in length and become pointed just so he could hear better. If Hannibal leaned down to better smell Will natural alluring scent, then no one knew but him. But the way he practically hissed a growl at the enticing smell would have likely given him away if Will hadn't been so pleasure-drunk already.

Eventually it became too much of a wait for Will when Hannibal had worked up to three fingers and still hadn't moved on. A little afraid of hurting Will, given how weak and breakable humans could be. Until now Hannibal had never really concerned himself with that kinda care before but more than anything right now he wanted Will to enjoy this just as much as he was. Pain was unacceptable.

Apparently not to Will though, who'd shockingly moved forward out of his touch so he could then turn around and push Hannibal to the bed. Staring down at him hungrily. Hannibal wondered briefly if this is how his victims may have felt in the past, minus the rush of lust he felt.

Will lifted and sunk down on him fast. His head thrown back and a deep rumble leaving his chest alone with a groan of pleasure and pain. Hannibal's hands coming up and squeezing his waist with a growl of pleasure on his own at both the sight and feel. With looked back at him panting with that same hunger in his eyes and darker glint alongside it as well. That same look from earlier that had been too much for Hannibal.

It was too much now as well. Hannibal gripped even harder to those hips and pushed them both forward and Will back under him again, not bothering to hold back on the first thrust now that he knew what Will wanted from him. Hands came up into his hair and tugged as those previous pants and groans turned into full moans and even the occasional shriek of pleasure at the grazing of his spot.

Right in that moment, between one thrust and the next, Hannibal realized what was going on. As he felt his instinct scream at him, his fangs start to elongated and fill with venom for the first time, an incredible powerful desire to bite that beautiful neck in front of him overtaking him.

Hannibal had to lean down and tempt himself further by getting so near it as just to hide the change in his eyes and teeth. Will hands coming up and dragging his nails down Hannibal's back a groans or pants of pleasure leaving him in time with the rocking of their bodies. Hannibal could hear it picking up ion speed along with Will wiggling hips and his own quickening thrusting. Aiming perfectly at the spot of pleasure and turning Will's moans into pitched screams. His teeth were in pain by this point, acting quickly Hannibal placed a hand over Will's neck and bite through his own skin to the bone, letting the venom go back into himself to prevent biting Will as they both climaxed.

His instincts settling down finally along with his and Will's after glow. He could feel though that it would not subside completely. Not that he now knew what these feelings were. His mind having finally recalled long ago the story of his younger brother and how he described the feeling of making his first Supreme.

As Will settled against his chest that night and fell into a peaceful slumber Hannibal watched him sleep with a look of awe on his face. His hand coming up and rubbing softly against his cheek. Overcome with how elated he felt about it all.

Never in his life did he think he'd want something, someone, so badly.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: was watching this

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PdZDB40IBMg

when I came up with the idea for this story. Amazing editing.

# Chapter 3

That third date had been a breakthrough, a revelation for Hannibal.

He had no intention of letting Will walk out of his life after that and it seemed Will was at least half of that mind-set as he took on a whole new visage. Hannibal had not noticed just how much the man was trying to run him off on those first two dates until he'd stopped.

Started treating Hannibal like someone he actually wanted to be with. Stopped doing his absolute best to make the man uncomfortable, or being intentionally rude because he could tell how much it bothered Hannibal. No, instead he'd mellowed. Acted more himself and was willing to compromise a bit more of his comfort to get to know Hannibal better.

In doing so they both found things to appreciate about each other's interests and dislikes. Hannibal had taken to making fishing lures, a form of art he hadn't known he'd been missing out on or its fine delicate difficulty. What a wonderful challenge. Will, while still not the greatest fan of classical music, loved listening to Hannibal play all manners of instruments and had a great deal of fun watching or even sometimes being taught some skills in the kitchen.

They soon found their favorite dates were when the two of them tried something new together. They made themselves equally uncomfortable and decided if they liked what they'd tried. It had helped them cultivate a longer list of things they had in common and things they wished to try with one another.

Life was exciting and fun again for them both, in way that one typically out grows at a certain age when things stop being new. This was especially true for Hannibal who hadn't experienced anything new in... well.... he was even exactly sure that's how long its been.

They'd learned how to just enjoy each other's company too on slower days. Maybe crack open a bottle of wine and just talk. Watch a movie together that they never both could agree on. Just slow down and appreciate one another's company. Just like that a year of bliss had passed between them, and Hannibal and Will could more than firmly say they were happy together.

It wasn't all perfect of course, their roughest time had been in the beginning. Even in terms of how they expressed affection. Hannibal, who hadn't actually been in a real relationship before where he cared about someone, found he rather enjoyed spoiling Will. Not surprising, many of his siblings were the same with their mates. Hannibal often wondered if it was a vampire thing or just a family trait or a product of the times they were born.

Either way, he was driven to provide and protect Will. Which Will found incredibly annoying. Especially when Hannibal bought things he never wanted such as clothes. Will rejected the first suits, watches, trinket, even a car once, and other gifts. Then Hannibal, the petty bastard started destroying his things. Oh, how he pretended it wasn't on purpose.

"Oh, of course Darling, I didn't mean to shrink your clothes."

“Was that Jacket for you? I hadn’t known.”

“Sure they're pink now but you never liked those boxers much anyways.”

“Perhaps the thieves will bring the car back, My Love. You never know. Until then...”

He had an excuse every time and knew dam well that Will knew what he was doing. Ensuring that the man had no choice but to accept his gift. However, Will could be just as petty. Willing to glue his work shoe bottoms back on before taking the new ones Hannibal got him. To use his old watch with no glass over the hands instead of the diamond studded one. To hail taxi’s and catch buses before taking the car to be fully willing to walk around in pink boxer before taking the silk ones Hannibal got.

Eventually they came to a standstill and had to talk about it. Will thinks that had been their first real fight and make-up. They’d agreed Hannibal could only get Will gifts on special occasions or when he really needed something but Hannibal was not allowed to break his things anymore!

Hannibal had learned a valuable lesson about not being able to manipulate or bully Will into doing what he wanted and will had learned a valuable lesson about actually talking to Hannibal about his wants instead of getting petty revenge instead. They did their best now to talk about most things rather than falling back on old toxic stand bys.

That didn’t help with everything though. Such as Hannibal's biggest problem with his Beloved: Sex.

Now, that may sound strange, given how compatible they were in the bedroom. The very reason they decided to both pursue something more intimate in nature and really try. But you see... Will had an exceptional libido and while that was wonderful Hannibal struggled to control himself during this time.

With only a year into their relationship Hannibal was beginning to find every moment of intercourse painful in denying himself sinking his fangs into that pale inviting neck. He just couldn’t yet though. It wouldn’t be right to turn his love without first telling him the truth and giving him the choice of when he was ready. That was standard courtship for his kind. To just make one your Supreme or even Liberi without first having that talk and consent was abominable.

That doesn’t change the fact Hannibal was struggling with each and every moment that Will had his hands on him or on worse days was even just in the room with him. Hannibal was a much weaker vampire then he’d ever guessed himself to be. He wondered how Dracula had gone so long with his first wife and never turned her. Ten years, before he finally bit and Hannibal was struggling to get past the first.

It was just too soon though. While Hannibal was sure Will loved him, as they shared the sentiment often in both words in action, he wasn’t sure if will was ready to love and more importantly accept this part of him. Enough so that he would join him in this eternal life.

Hannibal was really at a crossroads in his relationship.

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Hannibal poured himself another glass of wine from one of his many fake bottles he hid in his private cellar under lock and key.

It was much hard to masks the scent of iron from blood after all and even a human would be able to know it wasn't really wine once opened. Will was coming over for dinner and a movie tonight. Hannibal had convinced him to come over and relax after seeing how stressed work has had him lately. He was planning on bringing up a change of career to Will.

It had really been getting under Hannibal's skin and driving his protective instincts wild to see his mate so distressed so often. Something had to really give soon or Hannibal might find himself ripping out the throats of the entire police department, starting with that demanding chief of his who just enjoyed the notoriety Will's perfect success rate gave his station. Taking credit for all the arrest as if he had been of any real help in the jobs.

Last time Will's partner had been over for dinner even he had expressed wanting to get out of the whole thing soon. It's what gave Hannibal the idea to bring it up with Will. He was expecting Will to either be very agreeable or to blow up entirely at the suggestion. The man hated so very much to be treated as breakable yet at the same time he hated his job at the moment. One could only know which feelings was stronger.

Either way, Hannibal wanted it to go well so he'd first requested Will provided the meat tonight. Which he knew the man would take as an excuse to leave work early and go fishing, putting him in a good mood form the very start. It also meant that while Hannibal would enjoy the taste of dinner his body would take no nutrition from it. So, he was getting in a bit to drink before Will arrived. Chances are he wouldn't be able to sneak in anything else until the next morning when he could add some proper meat into their breakfast.

A knock at the door drew Hannibal's attention as he took another sip of his wine.

He looked over to the kitchen first and was planning to hurry and hide it before Will could see. That is until he caught a whiff of who was at the door and was no longer concerned. He came over to it and smiled when he saw one of his many sisters along with her first Supreme.

Traveling with only one as not to draw attention as was customary. Hannibal didn't think it helped much though, given the fine clothing she and her mate were dressed in and the dark sunglasses they wore to protect their sensitive eyes from the sun. This sister and her family use to spending their time in their dark castle and only going out at night.

They both looked up at him and smiled widely allowing their real teeth to show for a second. Taking off the glasses when they saw his home wasn't too bright.

"Hello brother." His sister said and raised an arm out Hannibal smiled at her and bent down, pulling her into a hug and backing away. Then turning to her Supreme. The much younger

vampire holding out her hand and Hannibal kissing it politely. His sister growling on reflex at the sight and making both of them chuckled.

She looked bashful. Neither begrudged her the attitude. It was difficult for a Archetype to watch another show any form of physical affection to their Supreme outside their nest. It's why Hannibal had only kissed her had in greeting. It's what they all usually did when meeting each other mates for any reason.

His sister must have still been a little bothered though because her mate held out her hand to her and she was quick to kiss it and cover up Hannibal's scent.

"Please, come in." He said moving aside, the two ladies doing as asked. Taking in the surroundings of his home and heading to where they saw places to seat and a bottle of what Hannibal had been sipping on.

"Can I offer you both a drink?" He asked and his sister nodded, her and her mate sitting on the sofa closely. Her mate leaning into her side and his sister wrapping an arm around her waist.

"I assume you're here for a travel pass?" Hannibal asked bringing back two cups to fill for them. If his sister and her family were passing through the area, likely on vacation, then they would have to stop and get permission to do so from the local ruling vampire. Especially if they planned to hunt and eat in his territory.

"Actually, we are here for your hospitality." She said taking the cup from him and sipping it with an appreciative hum. Quality as always from Hannibal.

To asks for 'hospitality' was to request an extended stay in the area and to be able to hunt while they did it. Necessary for stays longer than three days or so. Seems they planned ot vacation here in the area. Which was rather rare actually, not much to for their kind in Hannibal opinion.

"We've brought you a tribute of course. Straight from back home, all the way from Greece." Her mate said smiling. It was customary to bring humans from your own territory to the one you were going to offer as tribute to the ruling vampire so that hospitality could be taken. Much like a human bringing over a meal or bottle of wine to someone's home when they first visited.

"Don't worry, I made sure she was up to your impossible standards." His sister said with a teasing eye roll. All his siblings knew how picky of an eater he could be at times. He didn't just want something to sustain on but something suitable for cooking, for dining.

Hannibal chuckled at her words.

"Well thank you for that consideration. You have it by the way, my hospitality." He said and his sister sighed thankfully and Hannibal could feel her gratitude through their sibling bond, a much more sincere 'thank you' than if she'd said the words. Hannibal returned it in kind.

“If that was all, would you two mind if we were to catch up a little later?” Hannibal asked looking at the clock nervously. Will would be here soon.

“My, trying to get rid of us so soon Hannibal?” His sister teased. Knowing how much her older brother enjoyed his solitude.

“Of course not, Iris. You and Aella are welcome in my home always. As well as your other Supreme Nicolo. Though I do asks if you bring your children to give a little warning.” He said tiredly. That was far too many mouths to feed in his home without warning after all. Iris gave an understanding hum.

“Yes, I thought you’d feel that way. It’s why I asked Nicolo to stay and watch the Liberi while we came to greet you.” She said knowingly. While her grand nest was not large by any means compared to others in their family, like Christof who had seventeen Supreme’s each with their own Liberi, it could still be a lot to have show up at your door all at once.

“Are you expecting someone?” Aella asked with a knowing and excited smile on her face.

She’d noticed it almost as soon as they walked in. The consistent old and new smell of the same human all over his home. Not just in the kitchen or basement freezer like the other human smell that were clearly of his victims but another smell so common and strong that it was layer with emotion in some area. Pain, pleasure, joy, sadness, fear, and excitement. Things you expect to find in someone’s home.

Her adorably unobservant mate hadn’t taken notice. Too busy focusing the security of their stay here. However now, her Iris was titling her head and sniffing tentatively before taking in a deep obvious breath from her nose and closing her eyes in concentration before they flipped open in shock and a growing smile of amusement. Turning a smirk to a now frozen Hannibal.

“Dearest brother, have you taken up with someone?” She asked in disbelief. Hannibal, being the oldest of them, had never shown so much as even in interest in the idea of taking a Supreme one day. They could say they genuinely believed he’d be the last of them to, that’s counting their siblings who still rested in their eggs.

“That… is….” Hannibal trailed off looking away at a loss for words. Not sure how to take this. His sister looked to be growing in even more excitement. Her accent getting thicker with her next words. Even slipping into Greek at some points.

“To think my dear big brother, Hannibal Lecter, would take a Supreme.” She said giggling with her own mate now the two grabbing each other and basking in their own love at the sight of his. Hannibal just sighed annoyed.

“No, my Love, smell again. That scent.. it’s…” Aella said sniffing more and Iris doing the same.

“male and… Still human.” Iris finished for her with a confused look at Hannibal. Aella shared one too.

“Yet, it is old.” She said, confused.

“Are you still courting your Love big brother?” Aella asked politely calling him big brother as all Supreme’s did with their mates’ siblings.

“Yes, I am.” Hannibal said feeling a little defense. It wasn’t so strange. Iris was just the type to move fast. They didn’t all turn their lovers to Supreme’s in just a couple months. Aella and Nicolo were just of a time of arranged marriages so were not against idea of settling so very fast. They just didn’t understand how differently it was now-a-days. It could be seem by many as too early to even ask Will to marry him after only one year, let alone ask him to spend eternity together as a blood sucking monsters for the rest of his immortal life. Certainly even harder when said man was an officer of the law and clearly detested the idea of killing another human being.

“How long have you been courting?” Iris asked then interested in taking another sip of the blood. Mostly the bottom drop and extending her tongue to clean the wine glass of anything left. Her mate looking at her elongated tongue with a hazy and lustful gaze. Iris noticed and locked eyes with her a teasing gleam in her them as they flashed black and she gave extra unnecessary laps on the glass.

Hannibal made a mental note to throw it out.

“A little over a year.” He said with a huff, deciding that answering their questions quickly was the fastest way to get them out.

His sister started coughing roughly as the shock of his words made her snap her tongue back too fast and against the back of her throat. Hannibal couldn’t help a small smirk at it that. She deserved it for getting so sexual in his home. Aella was patting her back with a worried expression.

“A year?!” She asked aghast.

“Who waits a year Hannibal?!” She asked again and Hannibal shrugged.

“I haven’t found the right time yet.” He said partially honestly and she looked at him with a twisted expression of confusion before her eyes narrowed in suspicion.

“Does he even know what you are yet?” She asked.

“….”

“*Gracious*, Hannibal.” She said with disappointment heavy in her voice.

“You keep that up and he’ll slip right throw your arms and into the pair of another.” She said in warning and Hannibal eyes flashed black at even the idea. His sister raised an eyebrow at him as if to *you see*? Hannibal took a calming sigh and erased the idea from his mind.

“Will would not do such a thing. He is a loyal lover.” He said to her defensively and Aella and her shook their heads.

“Doesn’t matter.” Aella said.

“Yes, my darling is right. Hannibal, this is not something that you can just put off. After a while your instincts won’t allow you too anymore and you’ll find yourself biting before you’ve gotten proper consent. *That* is far worse than a speedy mating and a rushed decision given to your future mate.” She said with a stern look in her eyes.

Hannibal hated how much sense she was making and how much it related to his current situation and problems. He had been finding it harder and harder to avoiding just biting Will. It had gotten so much worse than that first night they spent together. Hannibal was afraid that one day he’d even bite through his hand and into Will’s neck. Seems like an overreaction but he’d gotten pretty close to doing just that a few nights ago. Thank their father in the depths of Hell Will had been too tired from the days of work and his orgasm to stay up and see the mess of the sheets his blood had made in its splatter.

“if your worried about how he’ll take it don’t worry so much big brother. It can be a lot at first but I can say from experience that the love he likely feels for you will keep him from turning away from you completely even when he struggles with the knowledge of what you are.” Aella said kindly trying to encourage him. Hannibal gave her a small smile in thanks but ultimately knew it was useless advice. Her own experience having too far from this present time and her mannerism as a person far too different from his own love for that to end the same.

“Look-“ Iris seemed to be about ready to go on another tirade but then a knock was heard at the door. All three predators turned to it with a whip of their heads. Will’s smell flooding their noses soon. Iris and Aella perked up seemingly excited to meet the human that had charmed their older brother. Hannibal sent them both a harsh growl of warning when they tried to get up and answer the door.

They both sat back down obediently but with amused smiles as they did. Hannibal straightened his own suit out and moved the bottle and glasses quickly to the kitchen with his vampiric speed before getting to the door. He opened it with a smile.

“Will.” He said in greeting and Will smiled back softly.

“Hey.” He said simply holding up the bag of fish he’d caught.

“Brought dinner.” He said kindly and went to move into the townhouse and Hannibal couldn’t help but block his way. Will gaze at him with a confused look and raised brow. Hannibal was quick to scramble for explanation.

“Now is… I’ve had some unexpected guest.” He said honestly and Will’s head titled slightly. That wasn’t such a big deal. A downer for their date night but Hannibal often had unexpected dinner guests.

“Oh?” He asked, still not understanding why he was being stopped.

“They are-“ Hannibal began but then was pushed past and the door opened further to show Iris grinning face in the door.

“You must be Will!” She said excitedly in her thick accent. Hannibal glared down at her, passing emotion through the bond her way that promised retribution for this.

“Yes, and you are…?” Will trailed off as Hannibal finally let him in. Will taking note of the other smiling woman on the sofa in the den staring at them from over the sofa with an equally interested and beaming smile at Will.

“I’m Iris.” She said holding her hand out, which Will took despite not meeting her eyes. She seemed to realize it wasn’t to be offensive but just a natural disposition he possessed.

“I’m Hannibal’s younger sister.” She said and Will did look up at her face at that. Only for a second but he did before turning to Hannibal with a curious look. Hannibal sighed tiredly but nodded in confirmation.

“That is my sister Iris and her wife Aella.” She said gesturing at the woman to come over and she hopped the sofa, her dress flowing behind her as she came over excited. Always glad to meet a new member of the family, certainly one that would be a Supreme. Vampires of the same class level tended to be close after all. She was sure Will would quickly find his niché within the Supreme’s in the family and she hoped to be apart of it when he did. His status was bond to be high in the family one day as the first Supreme of the oldest vampire on earth.

“It’s so nice to meet you.” She said shaking his hand to before Wil could even offer it. Iris unoffended this time. If it wasn’t another archetype vampire her instincts tended to not be threatened by physical touch all that much from others on her mates.

“It’s nice to meet you both. Hannibal hasn’t told me much about his family, but he has mentioned his siblings. I wondered when I’d get to meet any.” He said politely and even forced a smile and to look at them when he did. Genuinely wanting to make a good impression on his lover’s family, especially given how little he knew of them. He figured there must be a reason Hannibal was so secretive about that side of the family.

“My, you are a real snack Will.” Iris said with a gleam in her eyes Will couldn’t’ quiet place.

“Alright, that’s enough of that. Will, Iris and Aella were actually heading out. They were just passing by to say there were in town and were making plans to meet us for a longer time later. But they have to go now, right?” He said with a pointed look to them they laughed at but nodded.

“Yes, we do. It was good meeting you though Will. We look forward to sharing a meal with you one day.” Iris said and Aella gave her own goodbye right after. Will barely had a chance to give his own before Hannibal was pushing them out the house and closing and locking the door behind them. Will watching him in shock having never seen him be so blatantly rude before. His lover detested that kind of behavior. Sighing tiredly when they were finally gone before turning to Will with a smile after wards.

“So, where were we?” Hannibal asked smiling and Will just returned it deciding to let what he saw go for now. Instead, just holding up the fish bag again.

“I brought the meat.”

# Chapter 4

From the moment he threw out his sister Hannibal knew that word would be spread through the family of his new relationship developments.

There wasn't much that interested creatures as old as them but any information concerning the expansion of their family was always sought out. Especially when you took as long as Hannibal to find a mate.

"Red or white?" Will asked grabbing them a drink. Planning to stay and talk as he watched Hannibal cook.

The man already having his apron on, his knives out, and a contemplative look on his face about what to make.

"I believe white will go best with fish." He said absently, his mind elsewhere on the rapid shifting emotions coming through the bond. Many assaulting him with curiosity, or a demand for attention. An indication of them wanting Hannibal to pick up the phone and call his closer siblings to give them all the details on his love life. Hannibal sighed tiredly at the feeling and just knew he'd have a headache by the end of the day.

Will placed the cup within his reach before coming over and behind him. Hands on his shoulders and rubbing against the hard knots he felt under his skin.

"What's wrong?" Will asked, Hannibal was never at more peace then when he was cooking. To see the man so distracted and in thought while doing so was a sign of a bad day. Will suspected it had something to do with Hannibal's illusive family he'd just thrown out. He was hesitant to mention it so directly.

Hannibal turned a little towards him and smiled in gratitude at the concern and touch. Enjoying those skillful fingers on his back and shoulders.

"My siblings can be quiet tiring to even think about, having them over is…. exhausting in the kindest words. It is easier to deal with when they give me warning *before* their arrival rather than just surprising me with a visit." Hannibal said honestly. He did so enjoy spending time with his family but not when they were so interested in his personal life. Will hummed in understanding but didn't push the man to say more than he was willing to.

"I'm not a stranger to family being tiring." Will said, thinking of his own relationship with his dad that consisted of a letter exchange every few months or so, that were more intended to make sure the other hadn't died yet than anything else. He hasn't even told the man about Hannibal yet and they've been together for over a year now.

"If it's any consolation, I'm glad my first meeting with one of your siblings went well." Will added with a playful smile and Hannibal chuckled softly back.

“Yes, that was a positive in having her come over when she did.” Hannibal admitted, a secret part of him having been worried about how to introduce Will to his family before he was turned. It’s why he never talked about them with Will despite being so close with them.

“I’m sure our next interaction with them will be much better when I’ve a couple days to prepare for my little sisters insistent nagging.” He said with a humored sigh and Will smiled at that. Seemed the relationship wasn’t as bad as he originally thought.

“Oh?” He tempted out more moving away when Hannibal started getting more creative and into his cooking again. Sitting across from him on a bar stole and watching him work while drinking and talking. Occasionally reaching over to hold the glass for Hannibal so he could drink without dirtying the glass with his hands. Unnecessary but Hannibal found the consideration sweet.

“She was going on about me… not proposing yet to you.” Hannibal said partially honest. Turning was the vampire equivalent of marriage after all. Will choked a little on his drink at the words. He and Hannibal having not talked about the future of their relationship yet past exchanging I love yous. Hannibal openly chuckled at his reaction, hands never stopping in the moving.

“Many of my siblings, like Iris, live in places where these things are done very quickly. I believe she and Aella had been seeing each other only two months before she brought up the idea of marriage and three months in when they decided to just go for it. With that type of mindset my relationship with you is a snail's pace to her. It bothers her greatly I haven’t settled down yet.” Hannibal said, finally looking up at Will to see his reaction and now equally amused look at the explanation.

“Yeah, I can see how that could happen. What’s the rush? She doesn’t seem the religious type?” Will asked. Iris was clearly queer from the whole having a wife thing and all. He wondered where the rush to get married came from.

“She believes if I don’t give you a ring soon, we’ll lose our passion and you’ll leave me before I can ask and run into the arms of another who will entertain you better.” Hannibal said and Will openly laughed at that.

“You don’t have to worry about something like that. You keep me plenty entertained.” Will said with a flirty glint in his eyes. One Hannibal returned before puffing his chest confidently.

“That’s what I said.” Hannibal said and Will and he chuckled together again.

“What can I do?” Will asked as he noticed Hannibal was almost done with the dish.

“Get the plates for me love? And another bottle of white for the table?” Hannibal requested, Will got up and moved with ease through the kitchen. A satisfied smirk on Hannibal lips as he watched him. It always stroked some animalistic part of his brain to see his mate so familiar with his home.

They moved easily in tandem, getting the food ready and setting the table for their meal. By the time they were done and seated it was looking to be a rather pleasant evening.

“How was your day, Mylimasis?” Hannibal asked already diving into their food, Will following suit.

Will didn’t miss how he changed the subject quickly away from his siblings before Will could tease more information out of him. Will didn’t mind though, he imagined he’d see Hannibal's sister and her wife again some times before they left town. That would be the perfect chance for Will to get a little more information or at least learn how many siblings he had in the first place.

“Exhausting as usual.” Will said honestly with a tired sigh. Hannibal hummed in understanding and figured this was a good a time as any to lead the conversation into a career change.

“Exhausting enough to consider retirement?” he asked, knowing that with matters so serious Will preferred a more direct approach. Sure, their metaphorical dancing with words could be fun but it often led to continuous disagreements with one another.

Will groaned at the words.

“Not you too. Look, I’m very content with my working life right now.” Will said and Hannibal gave an unconvinced look to which he rolled his eyes at. Hannibal just raised his glass and swirled his drink around before going for a smell and sniff to properly enjoy it.

“I’m just think, my Dove, that perhaps you are just indulging in a bad habit at this point. You seem to have no reason for continuing your job other than the fact it’s what you’ve always done. Besides... if you quit you could move.” Hannibal said throwing out a small hint of his desire to move in together.  Not for the first time but as always Will pretended not to notice.

“I enjoy my job. It gives me a use for my natural born skills and the ability to act on them. The chase is satisfying.” Will said with a shrug. Hannibal was so very tempted to offer him another form of chase in life. Something that was sure to be much more satisfying than any human officer job could.

“And I *like* taking care of myself.” Will said pointedly with a narrow of his eyes. He’d made clear to Hannibal already in many different ways his lack of desire for Hannibal to just *take care of* him. He liked working, he liked his own money and earning his own way. Moving in with Hannibal or quitting his job both sounded like fast ways to lose that. Will wouldn’t put it pass Hannibal to sabotage any attempt for Will to get another job or place if he even temporarily did that to get his life in order.

Having never been in a relationship as serious as this Will just wasn’t sure if he was ready for that level of commitment. He also was certain he’d never be ready for the boredom that a jobless life was. Hannibal was just going to have to live with that for now.

“You might like retirement even more, if you tried it.” Hannibal said, just to be argumentized. Will snorted at that. More amused then offended.

“Yes, and when exactly do you plan to retire Hannibal?” Will said to the older man. The doctor’s silence was telling.

Hannibal had more than enough money and resources to retire, even more then Will realizes, but they both know that there would sooner be a blizzard in Hell before the man stopped working. *Neither* of them was suited to retirement. A long break maybe, but never quit the work force entirely. They’d go stir crazy with all that empty time.

Will didn’t bother with any smart-mouthed words at the silence and instead made his point clear with a small smug smile and a sip of his wine. On anyone else that would have been beyond annoying but it was rather adorable on Will’s face in Hannibal’s opinion.

“Your foods getting cold.” He said instead of answering the questions. Setting them off for a proper meal again. One that, unsurprisingly lead to a much more... pleasurable activity between them.

Hannibal would, as always find it *very* hard not to bite that beautiful neck in the heat of their moment.

# Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Fun fact: Baby bats are called pups.

“Oh darling! We simply must get this one.” Aella said holding up cloth lace sun umbrella. Opening it and twirling in the store. Iris coming over and inspecting it herself with an appreciative smile. Nicolo and Hannibal watching them both happily play around.

His sister and her family had been in town for the better part of the last week lately and when they came to visit again to give him a simple curtsey heads up they’d be staying a little longer, much to his surprise, and he’d learned they hadn’t even really gone out at all Hannibal thought it would be rather funny to see them experience some day-time modern pass times he thought she’d enjoy. Which is why he insisted his sister take a look around the local mall.

They had denied it at first. Insisting they had other matters to worry about, matters Hannibal decided not to pry in, and it was better they get their work done before heading out back home soon. Worrying about fitting in with modern day humans after spending so long in isolation in their castle with only each other and occasionally visiting local small Greek villages.

That only made Hannibal push even more for them to go out. To take a small break if only. They were supposed to be on a vacation after all. While Hannibal wasn’t exactly a fan of malls himself he knew it would be just the type of place his sister would thrive. Much like the busy street markets from their earlier years. Only with many more fun toys and at much greater prices that Hannibal was happy to splurge on them.

With a bit more pushing and prompting and promise to pay for the whole affair and come along himself Hannibal was able to convince Iris to come along with her Supremes Aella and Nicolo as well. They Liberi were apparently left to keep working on whatever business they had in his city. Of course, Nicolo and Aella insisted on bringing gifts back for their respective children, which is what now led them all the looking through various stores for the perfect gifts for their pups.

“Yes, I do believe this will be perfect for Rachel.” Iris said looking over the umbrella.

“Rachel does enjoy her walks in the sun. This will help with the sensitivity better then glasses or a smothering jacket.” Nicolo said, adding into the conversation with his mate and sister-mate.

“Okay then, so the umbrella for Rachel, a watch for Alex....That just leaves... Nicolo what all do you have?” Aella said looking through their bags trying to figure out which of the other

gifts were for Nicolo's Liberi. Switching in her trail of thought quickly and putting the attention onto him.

“Some scent oils for Elena and a matching set of joggers for Daphne and Atlas.” Nicolo said looking at the one bag he was holding. Hannibal gave a perplexed look at the choice. Nicolo smiled at that.

“Daphne and Atlas have started courting each other and became particularly obsessed when they learned of human mates dressing alike. They simply adore the idea and insist on matching all the time.” Nicolo said thinking fondly of his last two Liberi.

He’d finished off on his own children recently and couldn’t be happier to see they found love amongst themselves. No need to worry about those two falling in love with humans and being heart broken with they inevitably died. Now he just had to worry about finding his oldest, lovely Elena, a proper already formed vampire mate.

Preferably a Liberi of a close grand nest to their own. As was proper for a good Supreme. It was their job to find their nest Liberi happiness as it was an Arch Types job to bring their Supremes happiness. Of course, Nicolo would be a loving and good Brother-mate to Aella and help her do the same once she finally settled down in finding Liberi. Nicolo suspects once she has her third she will be content.

“Yes, they are an adorable pain since getting together. Okay, one more gift and we should be done.” Iris said and Hannibal absent-mildly reflected his confusion to her at that. There should be no others in her grand nest. She had two nest within it, led by her Supreme’s Aella and Nicolo respectively. Aella having two Liberi currently and Nicolo having three having finished off with his last two.

She just smiled at him conspiratorly and looked over at Aella with a suggestive smile but chose to shut Hannibal out her mind. Hannibal raised an amused brow at that but decided not to poke the bear. His siter had given him plenty hints so far. He’s sure she wouldn’t be able to resist telling him in detail everything later before they left.

“What were you thinking for the last gift?” Hannibal asked absently.

“I think... I’m not sure.” Aella said with a hopeless little sigh. Iris, not liking seeing one of her mates sad, moved over and leaned forward to snuggle up in her neck and lick her softly there. A common show of affection for vampires. Hannibal raised a hand and pretended to cough into it to make them stop. Reminding them exactly where they were. Hannibal was just grateful to see they hadn’t drawn attention with their action.

The three vampires just laughed, thinking his actions silly. Hannibal just sighed in defeat. There wasn’t much to say to when you were dealing with vampires as isolated as them.

“How about something generic but meaningful? Such as a nice pair of formal clothing? Everyone needs at least one set.” Hannibal said encouragingly and Aella smiled widely at the suggestion.

“That’s a wonderful idea big brother. Where might we get that?” She asked excitedly and Hannibal was about to answer before his phone unexpectedly rung.

He raised a pausing finger to be polite before pulling it out. Not bothering to check the name because anyone that called him typically had good reason.

“Hannibal speaking?” Hannibal said as he answered. Professional as always. His sister and her mates watching him impatiently.

That is until Hannibal’s expression darkened and the alarming sight of worry marred his expression. They exchanged looks with one another their jovial mood from earlier dead.

“Yes... What happen?” He said, no longer even focusing on them but instead his phone fully.

“Who? Where? How?” he asked back-to-back in quick succession.

“...and where is he now?” He paused again before nodding to himself at whatever he was hearing on the other end.

“Yes, I’ll be there soon.” He said before finally hanging up.

“Big brother? What’s happen?” nicolo asked placing a hand on Hannibal’s shoulder when he glared down at the phone in his palm. He looked up at them finally. Like he just remembered they were here. He didn’t hesitate to answer the question.

“Will’s been shot.”

# Chapter 6

They didn't bother taking a cab to the hospital.

With the news of one of their own hurt, Iris and her mates hadn't taken a moment to drag Hannibal outside and to a properly secluded place before transforming into a proper flock of bats. Ones that went faster than any car ever could through the traffic around them. Cutting through lanes and alley's that otherwise couldn't have been taken. Hannibal easily leading the way. So distraught that it was affecting Iris and in turn her Supremes. Making them all almost fall out the sky on occasion Iris was also sure that it spread through a few large chunks of the family connection. A reflection of their siblings worry coming through at the unknown panicked feelings. All the while Hannibal ignoring them all and flying with pure determination to their destination.

When they finally arrived, all transforming back to human form. A worried Iris and her equally feeling mates following fast after Hannibal who took lead. None of them being familiar with modern day human hospitals they simply stayed close and silently stern as Hannibal request to know where Will was and his condition.

All of them being waved in as family thankfully. Hannibal and his family followed the familiar smell of Will to his room more so than the directions they were given. Hannibal being just a bit off from outright running. While he knew, consciously, that if he was allowed to see Will then the man must be fine that didn't change the fact he couldn't settle himself until he actually saw him alive and well.

His heart not settling until he slammed open the door to Will room and saw him laying on the hospital bed. His chief and partner by his side, obviously taking account of what all happen.

"Hannibal." Will breathed out his name. Comfort at Hannibal's presence clear in his voice, but a strain in the cords from exhaustion and pain.

"Will." Hannibal said back equally as relieved. Coming over to his side and taking the free hand that didn't have the bandaged shoulders.

Iris and her mates respectfully staying by the door but waving at Will who seemed surprised to see them. His partner and chief looking at the strange people Hannibal had brought him with frowns. Who could blame them? The gothic style clothing and sunglasses inside were an odd sight. Especially on such a hot day outside.

Will was also curious about the new guy that was with Iris and Aella. Another brother of Hannibal's maybe?

"What happen?" Hannibal asked running a hand over Will's hair. The other man leaning into the touch.

"I got shot." Will said simple and Hannibal gave him an exhausted look. This is so not the time to be joking.

“Local gas station robbery. Got out of hand, and this idiot decided to jump in front of a moving bullet.” Will’s partner said explaining the situation to Hannibal. Will giving him an unimpressed look.

“A bullet that was headed for your back. Giving up a shoulder is a much better option.” Will insisted stubbornly. Form the way his partner perused his lips they clearly disagreed on this. Hannibal has to say he agrees with Will’s partner for once.

“Okay, lets not do that again.” The chief said sensing an incoming resurgence of whatever fight the two had had before Hannibal got here.

“Let’s get out of here and leave Will to his guests. We got everything we need. Sorry for all of this Hannibal. Don’t you worry, well get the men responsible.” The chief said addressing Hannibal directly.

“The haven’t been arrested yet?” Hannibal said, his blank expression being taken as anger by the chief who looked guilty at the question.

“Not yet, but they can’t hide forever, have to come up for air eventually and when they do well be there.” He said with confidence again. Making an almost vow to the partner of one of his best officers. Hannibal just hummed. Mentally he could feel his sister, and likely her spouses, radiating the same emotions he was feeling himself at the words. Plans formulating through Hannibal’s mind unfiltered.

“Thank you.” Hannibal managed to say, exchanging his blank look for a wounded and grateful civilian. The Chief smiling at the change in demeanor. More determined than ever to get his man.

Hannibal had no intentions of letting the man get there first but the sentiment was nice.

Iris, Aella, and Niccolo gave unnerving goodbye smiles and waves to the chief and Will’s partner who returned it equally uncomfortable. Still not sure who these people were but not rude enough to just asks. Hannibal looked back at his sister and sent her an unspoken request for privacy.

Making an ‘Oh’ face she nodded and moved to close the door. While it was impossible to give true privacy being what they are, they could at least make Hannibal and Will feel better with the door such. That and keep anyone else out until Hannibal gave the word. Hannibal thought only for a moment if that was worrying when he saw the way Niccolo positioned his large body over the small window on the door. He had no doubt in his mind that He, Iris, and Aella had taken up a proper guard of the door.

“Who’s that with Iris and Aella?” Will asked casually as Hannibal came over to sit at the chair by his bed side. Grabbing the remote to the bed to lower it properly so they could be face to face. While Hannibal saw the question for the obvious attempt at distraction that it was he answered anyways.

“Niccolo. Iris husband.” He said plainly and was unsurprised at the genuine confusion on Will’s face.

“I thought she and Aella were married?” He asked, wondering if he’d misunderstood or misheard that.

“They are. Iris is married to them both.” Hannibal said and Will raised both brows. Finding Hannibal’s sibling all the more confusing with their weird mix of liberal and seeming conservative lives.

“So, they’re all together?” Will asked for clarification. Hannibal still indulging him. Allowing this prelude before their real important conversation. After all this information may be very value in the future. May as well get Will use to the idea now if he was ever going to introduce him to more of his family.

“No, Aella and Niccolo are not together. They are more like siblings themselves and are both just married with Iris. They all live together and raise their kids together. Think of it as two marriages and families combined into one with Iris at the center.” Hannibal said and could see the gears turning in Will’s head wrapping his mind around all that would imply.

“If you hadn’t notice my family is rather well off.” Hannibal started and smiled at the snort of amusement Will got at the words.

“It allows them to easily take care of more then one family and openly. They are all rather happy and many of my siblings... most of them in fact have similar relationships and families.” Hannibal explained and Will looked a little taken aback at that.

“Would you want that one day?” He asked voice taking on a more serious note. Hannibal was unbothered.

“No, I’m content with giving my love to one person unlike them.” He said smiling and Will returned it back easily. Visibly relaxing at the reaffirming words. Glad to know he hadn’t wasted the last year on someone who would want too much for him give later.

Hannibal felt a teasing push against his mind at those words from his sister. Making it clear that Hannibal was the freak in this family for stopping at one not her. Hannibal would have laughed at the feeling if he was alone.

Instead, he stayed focus, reaching over to Will’s chart and while completely aware of the man’s eyes on him reading it and glaring his eyes at what he was seeing. Looking up at Will with a telling look.

“It says it just barely missed your heart. Had you not jumped in front the bullet and been hit while falling downward it *would* have.” Hannibal said. The simple stating of facts speaking volumes more then he could ever yell. Will giving a resigned sigh at that.

“Yeah.” He said with an alarming lack of regret on his face. Hannibal would never fully understand that lack of self-preservation.

“Will, I think we really need to this-”

“I’m retiring.” Will said, cutting him off and making Hannibal leaned back with a strange mix of shock and pleasure.

“Good.” He said with a small tilt of his head and no attempt at all to dissuade the thought. That was exactly where he was going with this.

“Not because you told me to or because I want to quit my job.” Will said, pettily. Hannibal didn’t mind. He can be as petty as he wanted to long as he quit this awful job.

“They say with the damage to my shoulder I may not be able to shoot properly again. Can’t exactly be on the force like that.” Will explained obviously upset at having the choice taken out of his hand.

Though if he was a being honest, also a little relieved. He won’t lie he’d been considering the job change from the moment that his partner had turned in his resignation. Will had silently decided that depending on who his new partner was, he would quit as well or not. He didn’t see himself doing this job anyways without someone he could properly work with and trust with his life. Not without working with someone he quiet literally, as proven today, would take a bullet for.

Hannibal moved over and took Will’s hand in his own. A small relieved smile in place and a clear reflection of the emotion in his eyes.

“Thank you.” Hannibal said, showing how much it actually meant to him Will was taking this seriously. Will relaxed and sighed at the sight of his genuine care. Not so upset when being reminded why Hannibal pushed so hard for him to quit. He did roll his eyes however, with a smile of his own.

“I’m still not quitting working or moving in yet. The day I do that it will be snowing in Hell.” Will said stubbornly just to see the smile pull further on Hannibal’s face. He eyes narrowing a little thoughtfully as he contemplated how possible that actually was.

Will must have noticed the look because he just started laughing. Regretting jostling his shoulder but unable to stop chuckling so he just held the arm in place. Hannibal joining him in their small moment and chuckling as well.

Hannibal looking at the beauty that was his joyful mate. The thought that he may have lost the ability to ever see this sight again sent a wave a panic through him that was almost crippling for a moment. He only *just* managed to keep it out his mental connection with his family. How cruel to make them endure such a feeling. He himself couldn’t ever imagine it. Though he did not know how, Hannibal was certain he’d spend the rest of his existence trying to follow Will into that unknown abyss if he ever lost him.

He can’t let him go. He knows that now. While before he was so content to just let things play out as they have, this moment has made him realize just how fragile Will really is. How forgetful he was of that. Seeing Will easily as equal, superior and different to the human he surrounds himself with and forgetting that at least physically Will is in fact the same as them. So very easy to break.

How unbearable a reality to acknowledge. Hannibal reached out and allowed a flicker of teary eyes as he raised a hand to Will face and cradled it. His smile more pained then relieved at the urgency he was feeling at seeing Will like this. His fang fighting to leave his gum and pass his lips. Hannibal had to consciously think to stop them probing, from leaning over and taking Will next into his mouth, to stop himself from injecting his venom.

He has to do it. He can't wait any longer. Putting this off any further would be a mistake. Hannibal was certain of that now. Every time Will out that door he was at risk like this. Every moment that ticked by put him closer to death. Hannibal can't allow that. So he has decided, once Will is out of this dreadful place he will tell him. He will *finally* tell him.

...and ask Will to be his forever.

Will with an understanding and worried look of his own (directed at Hannibal if you could believe it) reached up and held the hand that rested on the side of his face. Leaning into the touch with a tilt of his head and forcing Hannibal's fingers over his pulse. Showing the man he was alive and well. It helped to calm him more than he expected. Hannibal leaned forward and gave him a sweet kiss in thanks. Lingering with their lips together.

Both only being interrupted and pulled form their moment at the sound of a thump at the door.

Hannibal kind of already getting a idea of what's happening when he tuned back into the mental link, felt his lips twitch up again as he moved over to the door. Will watching curiously as well as he opened it to see Niccolo, arms and legs spread wide and across the door with a determined glare on his face that his mate and sister-mate shared. Aella having hissed at the Doctor before them both, arms stretched out blocking the way to Niccolo himself. The both of them being a distraction as his sister Iris was creeping up behind the frustrated man posed to pounce on him. Fully prepared to drain him dry right here in the hallway if he dared to approached and injured member of their family while his mate comforted him.

Hannibal smiled fondly at the sight of them all. Looking back to see Will confused and oddly amused look. The man not fully understanding what Iris intended to do, expecting her to tackle his doctor.

"That's enough sisters, brother." Hannibal said affectionately. Finally getting the far too serious members of his family attention.

"There's no need for that Iris." Hannibal added, snapping her out of her predator mindset with the call of her name directly. The doctor jumping when he finally noticed her behind him. Iris glaring at him as she walked pass to her mates and Hannibal.

"We didn't let anyone through." She said with a proud huff and aggressive look on all their faces directed at the doctor, who they deemed a nuance to their duties.

"Thank you for affording us that privacy but this is the healer who's come to treat Will." Hannibal said and watched as they visibly relaxed.

“Well, I guess you can come through.” Iris huffed, her mates finally moving form blocking the door and off to the side at her left and right as she moved. Going from aggressive to haughty in a second. They were an isolated sort and as such tended to be snottier to humans they didn’t expect to join their family any time soon. Could they be blamed really? They had no relations to human’s outside of considering them food.

Would you act any differently to a talking chicken nugget?

“Hello, Iris, Aella.” Will said leaning to the side to better see them with a greeting smile. Iris perking up at being addressed by him and pushing her way in. Her mates trailing after her as she came to his other side.

“It’s so nice to see you again. Not like this of course, but your still lovely even in bandages and you smell divine.” Iris said, leaning forward and taking a whiff as the blood permeating through the room.

Hannibal was glad Will didn’t question the strange compliment and just smiled amused at her strange antics. Taking it as a weird part of the Victorian gothic thing she had going on with her spouses.

“Thank you.” He said simply.

“Hi Will.” Aella said coming over and taking his hand easily giving comfort absent mindedly.

“Hello, I’m Niccolo.” Niccolo introduced himself. Easily and Will nodded with his own greeting expression. Once again trying hard to make a good first impression.

“It’s nice to meet you.” He said.

“I’m sorry to interrupt Mr. Grahan, but it’s already been about ten minutes of me trying to get in the room.” The Doctor said. Feeling bad about rushing them but really the man had other patients to see as well. Will smiled amused.

“Sorry doctor.” he said politely on their behalf. Something told him they wouldn’t be apologizing themselves. The doctor just sighed and moved on, walking pass Hannibal to get over to Will’s side.

“I’ll need to ask the rest of you to leave now. Visiting hours are nearing their end and Mr. Grahan is a high security patient.” The doctor said and Iris looked ready to argue before Hannibal stepped up. No need to make the man taking care of his mate’s job harder. He took Will’s hand and placed a kiss on it in goodbye.

“I’ll be back first thing tomorrow morning. Do you need me to bring you anything?” He asked. Will sighed and shook his head.

“No, but you could swing by and feed the dogs.” He said and Hannibal nodded. Already planning the perfect meal. Will doesn’t like it when he spoils them too much but if they missed Will have as much as he would while he stayed here, they deserved a little luxury.

“I can do that.” Hannibal agreed and they shared one final kiss. Iris and her mates exchanging goodbyes with promises to visit again.

While Hannibal was sad to leave his side he knew he had *urgent* things to get done tonight.

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“You didn’t have to come you know.” Hannibal said not unkindly as they stood on the roof top of the police station. Looking down at the humans walking in below. Their little bodies looking almost like ants form this height.

A snort heard from Niccolo to his left.

“Please, Big Brother, as if we’d let someone hurt one of our own without getting involved. We’re here now, and this is family business now.” Iris said and responding hums of agreement came from the other two vampires on her side.

Hannibal would roll his eyes if he wasn’t so touched by the sentiment. A fluttering happiness in his gut at his family’s already easy acceptance of Will as his mate. While he’d planned on getting revenge on his own tonight, he has to say it felt good to have them at his side.

Not to mention he felt further at ease knowing his little sister had even sent in her Liberi to hang around the hospital that Will as staying in tonight to guard him secretly. One of the older looking ones, even posing as a nurse to look in on his records easier. Hannibal had full faith that not so much as a stray sick patient would be threatening Will’s peace tonight. Those loyal nieces and nephews of his would sooner see someone drained of every drop of blood in their body.

“They are below?” Aella asked and Hannibal nodded.

He had to hand it to Will’s coworkers. When they promised to get the man who did this to Will, they really meant it. Making good on that promise in the mere hours he’d been with his mate. Hannibal was in a weird state of appreciation and annoyance at having the man behind bars. It made it all the harder to get to him but assured him that Will had people who truly returned the level of care he delt out.

“How do you want to play this?” Iris asked, obviously letting him take in the revenge.

“Aella, what was your special skill again?” Hannibal asked knowingly and with a growing smile as he looked at the others. Their fanged teeth coming out at the coming hunt.

Arch Type vampires were obviously gifted with a host of powers that they indulged in easily on instinct. Supreme’s also had access to these powers but had to put in the effort to actually learn them. Taking great time and energy. Because of that, they tended to only really master a couple. Five being the most Hannibal’s ever seen. Aella’s well-trained skill was perfect for such a situation.

She gave another fanged grin before moving over to the vent system on the roof. Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath as they watched. Concentrating until her body began to smoke and cloud until she was nothing but pure vapor. They watched as she sunk into the vents.

While they could not see the fall out they easily heard the shouts of alarm as she filled the building below. Urgent calls and rushing out people. Gas masks being called for and bodies dropping to the ground as she filled their lungs and put them to sleep. Hannibal was thankful she had the sense not to choke and kill them but rather sedate them. She did the same with the vile creature that dared harm one of their own.

Once she was done, returning easily from the vent she'd entered from and reforming with gasps on her own foggy self-reforming. Iris giving a proud giggle at the fairly advanced and difficult skill her love had mastered.

"Someone managed to alert for help, I think. It seems we have about ten minutes." She said.

"More than enough time." Niccolo said, gladly stepping up for his turn. Turning his claws into hardened metal and shaping and easy hole in the ground. Hannibal giving his sister an impressed look and hum at the ease Niccolo changed to make up of his body. He was rather young for a vampire to be able to learn that already. Hannibal thinks in a few short decades he'll have no trouble transfiguring his entire body.

Niccolo perfectly positioned the hole above the cell they knew the man to be in. Grabbing the cement before it could drop and hefting it up and on the roof. Thankful that Aella had thought to snuff out the cameras as well.

"Oh, let me do this part." Iris said happily, a growling natural growl in her voice as she allowed a greater change to take her over. Her mouth splitting further then looked natural. Teeth extending longer than even her mates, her eyes darkening fully and wings growing out from her arms that grew claws. Her legs most importantly becoming hairy and hind. Long talons at the ends that she used to swoop down and nap the human trash from the cell. Pulling him out and to the roof. Not bothering to continue further in her transformation as it was unneeded. Dropping him with little care to the concrete they stood on. The man not even flitching in his current state.

"Niccolo." She rumbled out with a request in her frightening tone.

Niccolo easily knowing what she was asking moved the slab of ceiling back and concentrated on repairing it. While Hannibal or Iris could have done so easily, it was best to allow him the practice. He did so with great success.

Leaving no trace they were ever there.

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“Wha-!”

The vermin gasps as he finally woke from his restless slumber. Around him was nothing he could visibly see. All he knew was from the echo of his voice, the floor beneath him and the single spot light above him he was likely in a warehouse. A disorientating place to wake when one fell asleep in a prison cell. He looked uncomfortably around.

His unease causing a giggle from an excited Aella.

“Who’s there!?” He demanded flinching at the sound. He turned so easily to her without seeing that Aella moved around and away from his face, still giggling. Niccolo joining in, her mirth making Iris happy and in turn him.

It was contagious, before long they were all chuckling and giggling. Rumbling lowly, as their fully changed features forced their vocal cords into something less human. The growing smell of fear rose as the man stood and turned rapidly at the laughter around him. It was delectable.

“...Just a taste...” Aella was heard saying between giggles.

“Who are you!” The man demanded again. No longer a question. Thinking the could intimidate whoever was out there into showing themselves.

A scream of pain and shock leaving him as something wiped past him. Gripping his arm and falling to the ground as he saw blood from a large gash on it. Off in the dark a black-eyed Aella was licking her claws. A resounding hum was all her mates need to go in for their own taste.

Niccolo swooping in for a the leg. Practically gliding across the floor. Making him drop to one knee again. Only for Iris to swoop in from the rafter at Hannibal's side and use her talons. He giggles and chuckles from them becoming real laughter. The kind that one might associate with a family talking and eating around a dinner table.

The man turned this way and that rapidly. Eyes wide and growing tears of pain and terror. Backing away and around as Niccolo and Aella began to circle him more closely. Allowing their distorted forms to show in the light for just brief moments. Slowing enough so that he might dare to glimpse them at their most beautiful. Smiling fanged mouth, ashen skin showing dark veins pumping with their venom, black-eyed, claws dripping with the red sustenance they called food.

Hannibal just watched amused.

“Please...” the man muttered shaking now. While Hannibal wanted to indulge more. To enjoy this playing with their food he just couldn’t resist. He just couldn't let this dreadful thing take another breath after trying to steal his mates. It was a miracle he’d lived this long. Hannibal had no intention of letting him bleed out before he could seek his own revenge.

Piercing eyes open and hyper forced Hannibal allowed himself to move. A loud flapping being heard as he unstretched from the wings wrapped around him. His full glory being seen

from the moon that was finally allowed to show after he moved from the large window he blocked. Iris guarding the other and watching patiently, unseen, in her own true form.

Niccolo and Aella finally stopped dancing around him. Smiling self-satisfied in the state they'd left the man. Taking in the greatness of the moon above them and turning their backs to it and Hannibal's most beautiful self. There parallel bodies making almost a path for him and their terrifying forms destroying any hope of the man of running past them and getting to the front of back door he could now see.

He fell to his knees once again. The third time in a row, how dramatic, Hannibal thought as he unfolded himself. The solid thud as he landed on the ground echoing all the louder in the empty warehouse. The clanking of his talons dragging across the ground. So sharp that they unintentionally clawed marks in the concrete with each step. Towering over both Aella and Niccolo as he got closer. Their side by side making it all the more obvious just what a massive beast he was like this.

As he walked further up to the frozen in shock human who shook with each panty breath he took, Hannibal felt a lack of satisfaction at the fear. It wasn't enough. So long as those breathes continued, it wasn't enough. Hannibal reached out with a clawed hand, uncaring as it poked tore into the side of the man's head for the pure length when Hannibal lifted him by his neck. The squirming bleeding human gripping onto him and seemingly conflicted form wanting to get free and fearing the height Hannibal would drop him from erasing him so high. Can't exactly run with a broken ankle.

"W-why?" the scum asked him shaking in his clawed hand. Eyes being forced open from the force Hannibal holding him. Hannibal didn't dignify him with a response.

He doesn't waste words.

End Notes

Comments are love!

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